

LAW
BREAKERS

LAW BREAKERS

NO.5

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L.N.C.



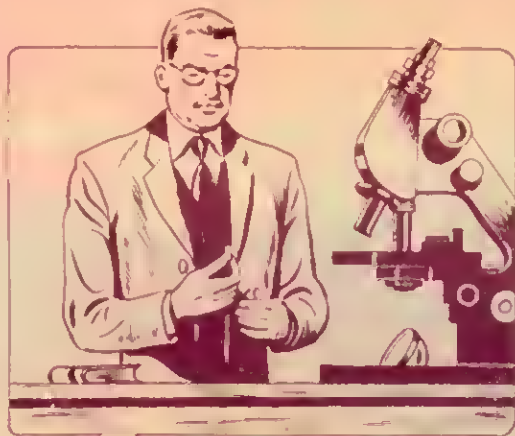


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CRIME TRACKS



SHELLS EJECTED BY QUICK-FIRING AUTOMATIC WEAPONS USED BY CRIMINALS IN PERPETRATING A CRIME, HAVE BEEN USED BY POLICE TO PLACE THE CRIMINALS AT THE PLACE OF THE CRIME.



IT IS ALSO POSSIBLE TO IDENTIFY A CARTRIDGE CASE WHICH HAS BEEN FIRED IN A REVOLVER, IN THE SAME WAY, ALTHOUGH THIS TYPE OF WEAPON DOES NOT EJECT THE FIRED CASES. A REVOLVER CASE HAS A PROJECTING RIM—AN AUTOMATIC CASE DOES NOT

REVOLVER  AUTOMATIC 

How criminals are trapped...

AS IT IS VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR CRIMINALS TO PICK UP EACH AND EVERY SHELL EJECTED FROM AN AUTOMATIC WEAPON USED AT THE SCENE OF A CRIME, POLICE EAGERLY SEEK THESE SHELLS FOR IMPORTANT CLUES



A MICROSCOPE WILL SHOW THAT A FIRING PIN WILL LEAVE ITS OWN INDIVIDUAL MARKS ON A FIRING PRIMER, WHICH WILL MAKE IDENTIFICATION POSITIVE.



FIRING PIN OF AUTOMATIC PISTOL



FIRED CARTRIDGE CASE



ENLARGED VIEW OF PRIMER

COLT



SMITH & WESSON

IT IS EASY TO DETERMINE, AT A GLANCE, WHETHER A BULLET WAS FIRED FROM A COLT OR A SMITH & WESSON REVOLVER. THE GROOVED "LANDS" IN A COLT BARREL TWIST TO THE LEFT, WHILE SMITH & WESSON GROOVES TWIST TO THE RIGHT, AND ARE WIDER THAN THE COLT GROOVES.

LAWBREAKERS

THE D.A. HAD AN EYEWITNESS TO A GANGLAND KILLING THAT WOULD HAVE PUT RACKETEER SID HILTON AND HIS MOB AWAY FOR LIFE. AND THEN THE WITNESS DISAPPEARED, AND HILTON WALKED OUT OF COURT A FREE MAN! WITH NO EVIDENCE TO JUSTIFY A NEW TRIAL, AND THE NEWSPAPERS SCREAMING FOR RE-ORGANIZATION OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT, LIEUTENANT MAC MCCOY OF HOMICIDE SPECIAL INVESTIGATIONS WAS CALLED IN. HE SOON DECIDED THAT TO RESORT TO TRICKERY WAS HIS BEST BET TO SOLVE...

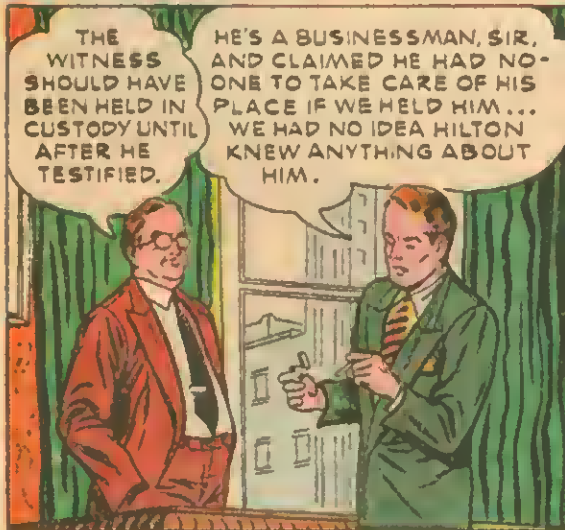
"THE MISSING WITNESS MYSTERY"

WITH THIS JERK OUT OF THE WAY, WE'LL HAVE THE WHOLE CITY TO OURSELVES!

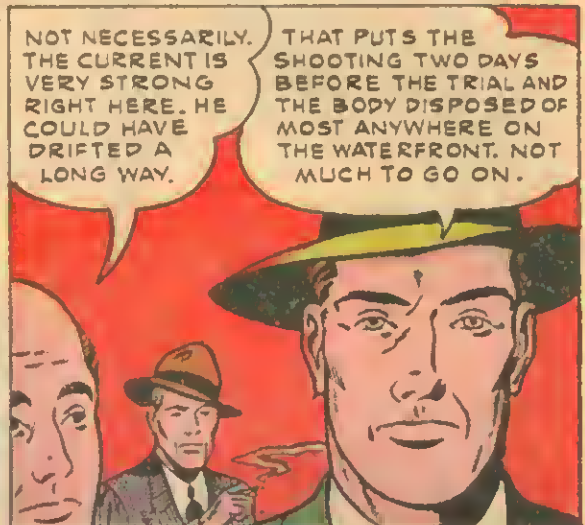
TOSS HIM IN AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE. WE'VE WASTED TOO MUCH TIME ALREADY!



LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS

UNDER M'COY'S DIRECTION, DETECTIVES START A RUMOR THAT TRAVELS QUICKLY IN THE UNDERWORLD...

EDDIE SAYS THE P.A.'S GOT A WITNESS THAT SAW SID HILTON'S BOYS KNOCK OFF THAT SQUEALER THE OTHER NIGHT.

FIRST I HEARD OF IT, I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE THE GUY WHO SAW IT... THINGS HAPPEN TO PEOPLE WHO KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT HILTON.

SA FACT, THAT SNOOP M'COY HAS GOT THE GOODS ON HILTON AND IS LOOKIN' FOR HIM RIGHT NOW.

JUST DON'T SOUND RIGHT TO ME. SID'S TOO SMART TO LOUSE UP TWO JOBS IN A ROW!



THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY, NICK... THOUGHT I'D LET YOU KNOW JUST IN CASE. THANKS. SID WON'T FORGET YOU FOR PASSING IT ALONG IF THERE'S ANYTHING TO IT!

AND AN HOUR LATER AT HILTON'S APARTMENT...



IT LOOKS GOOD, ALL RIGHT, BUT I DON'T KNOW... PASSING PHONY IS OUT OF MY LINE ...

SID, YOU GOT A MINUTE? THIS MIGHT BE IMPORTANT!



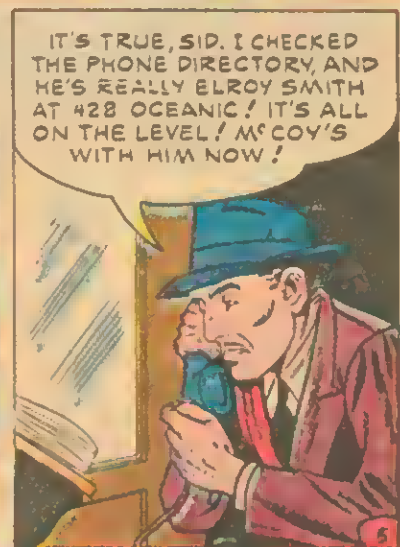
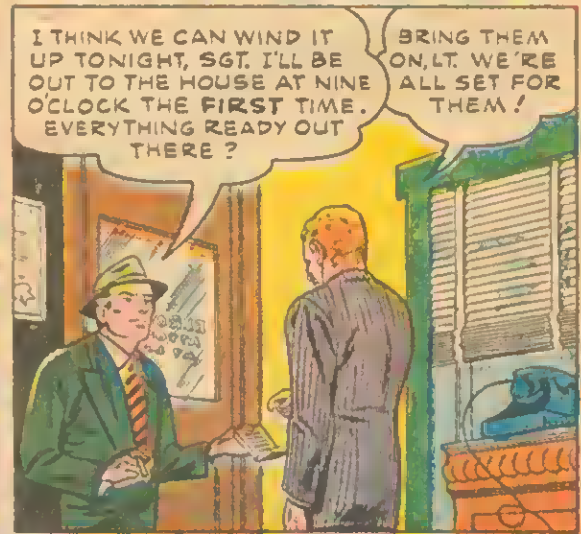
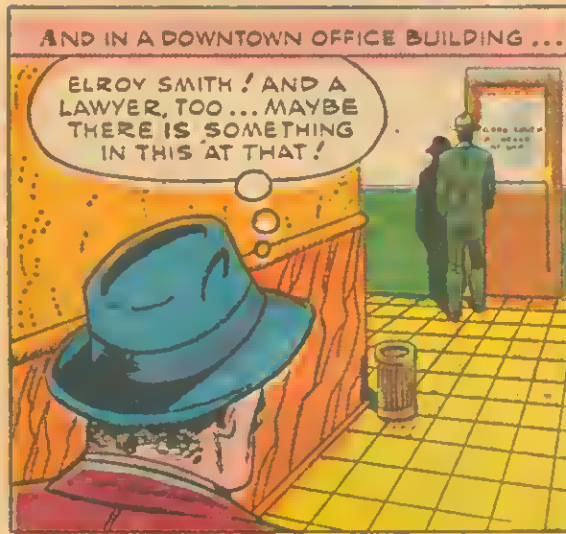
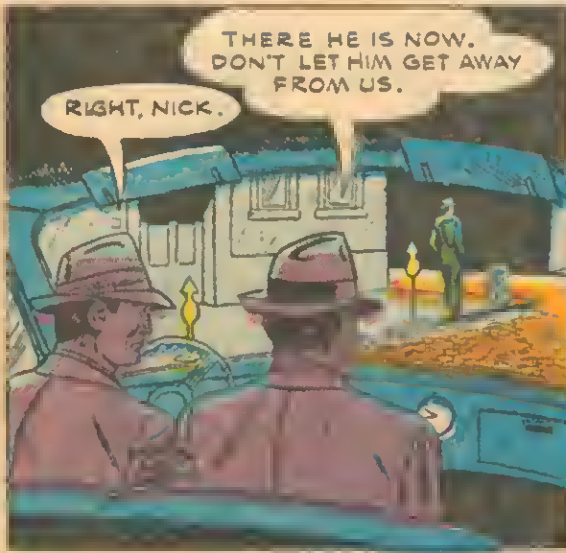
WHAT'S EATIN' YOU, NICK?

I GOT THE WORD A FEW MINUTES AGO THAT M'COY'S LOOKIN' FOR YOU! HE'S GOT A WITNESS TO THAT JOB THE OTHER NIGHT! GUY NAMED SMITH!

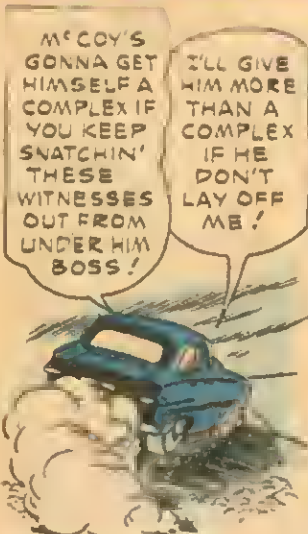
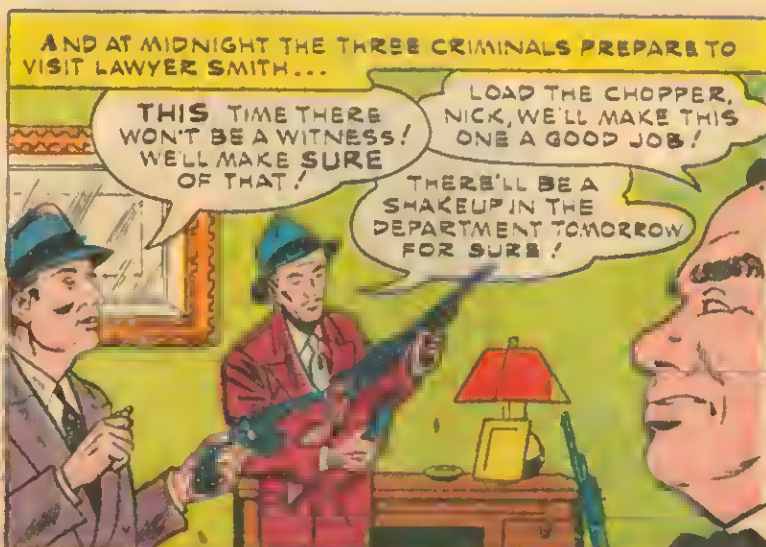


I DON'T BELIEVE IT! STILL, THAT LOUSY SHAMUS HAS BEEN TOO CLOSE TO ME FOR COMFORT BEFORE. MAYBE HE HAS GOT SOMETHING! WATCH HIM FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS, NICK, AND SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO.

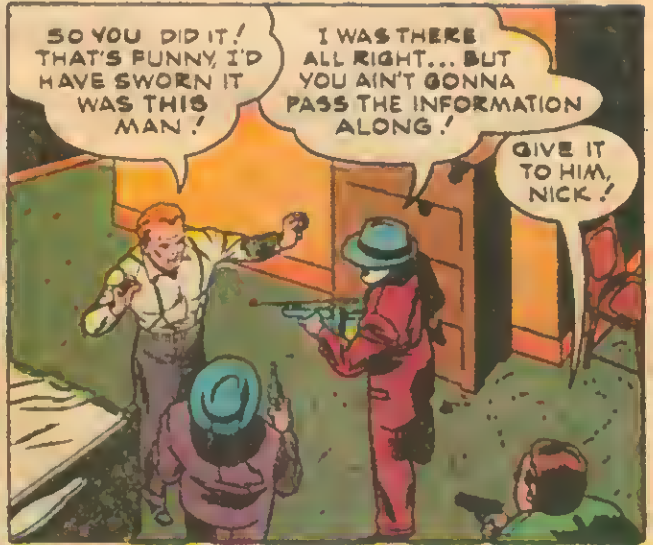
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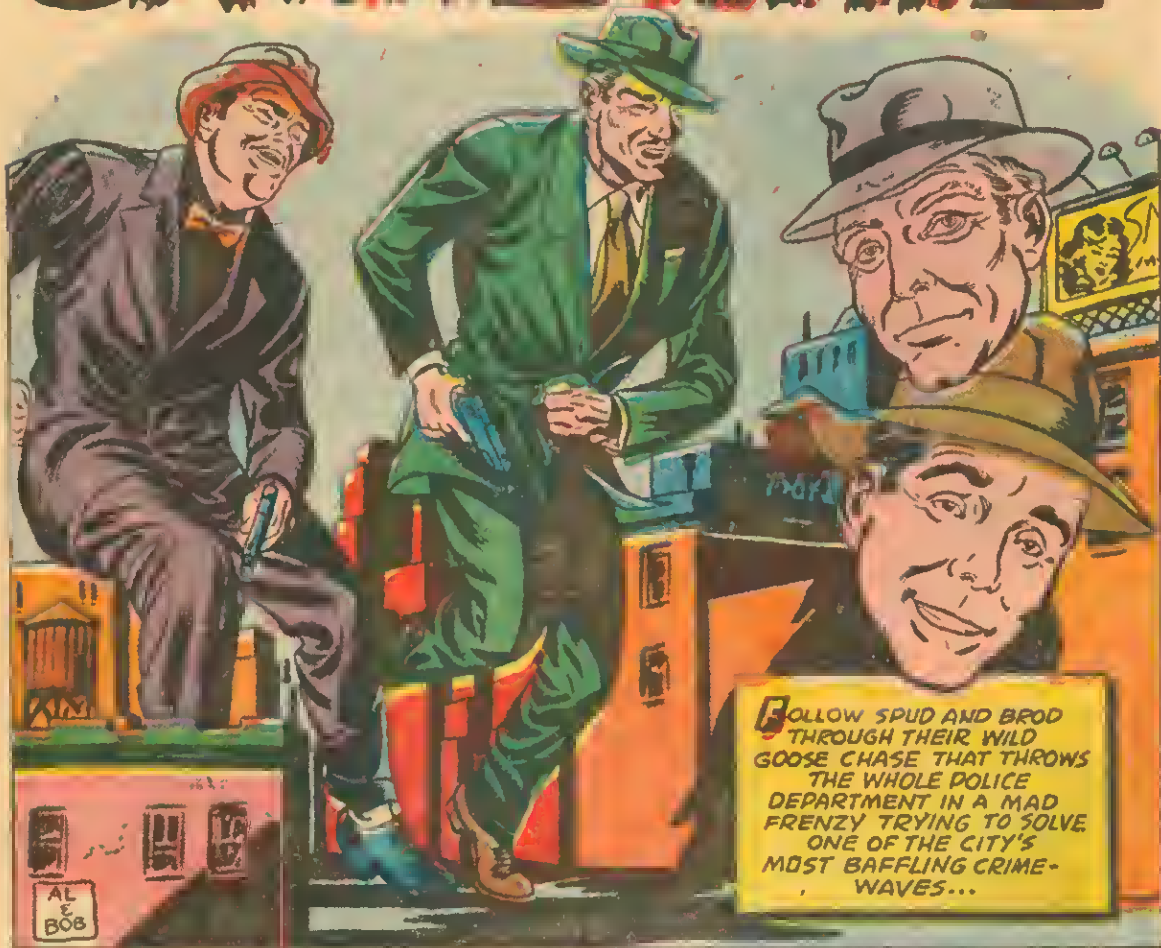


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CRIMEWAVE



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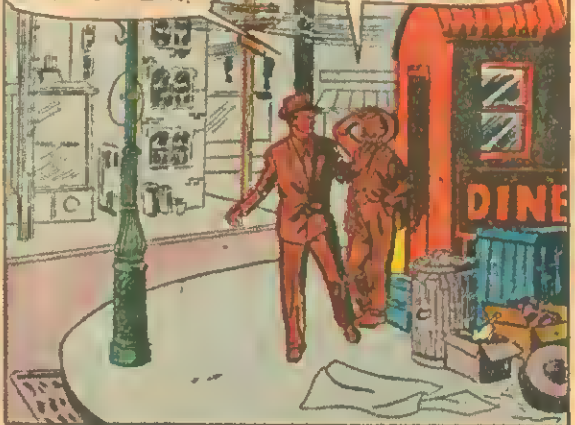
THE CHIEF HAS GOT US ALL JITTERY BECAUSE OF ALL THE ROBBERIES THAT ARE BEING PULLED AROUND HERE!

AND ESPECIALLY THE LAST ONE. THEY HAD TO GET FANCY AND THROW IN A MURDER FOR GOOD MEASURE!



COME ON, SPUD. WE BETTER GET BACK TO HEADQUARTERS... MAYBE SOME NEW LEADS CAME IN!

I HOPE SO, BROD! WE'RE ON THESE CASES TWO MONTHS AND NOT ONE SINGLE CLUE YET!



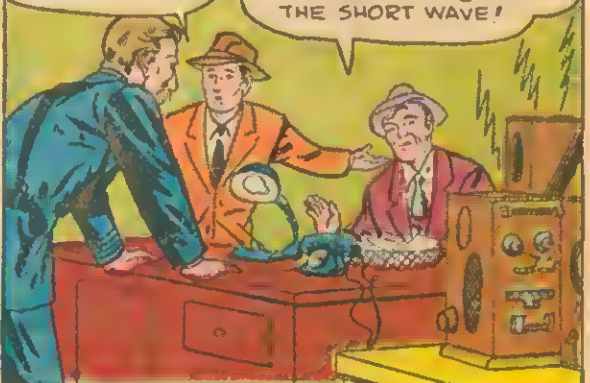
ALL OF THE VICTIMS HAVE NEW AND DIFFERENT STORIES ABOUT THE BURGLARS!

YEAH! I WISH I HAD A NEW STORY TO TELL THE CHIEF!



GOSH, LIEUTENANT! WE SEARCHED ALL THE JOINTS WITH A FINE TOOTH COMB AND BELIEVE ME, THEY LEAVE NO TRACE!

OH, NO! IT'S MORE THAN A PAIR! IT'S A LARGE GANG.. WE MUST GET RESULTS. THE MAYOR IS TURNING ON THE HEAT! AND... WAIT.. HERE'S SOMETHING COMING OVER THE SHORT WAVE!



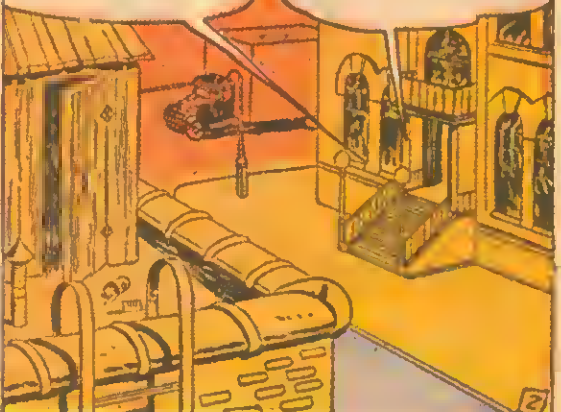
LISTEN ALL PRECINCTS! LATEST NEWS ON THE BURGLARY WAVE IS THAT THEY KEEP CHEWING ON TOOTHPICKS WHILE THEY OPERATE...

TOOTHPICKS!!! WHY... ER... I THINK I'VE GOT A HUNCH!



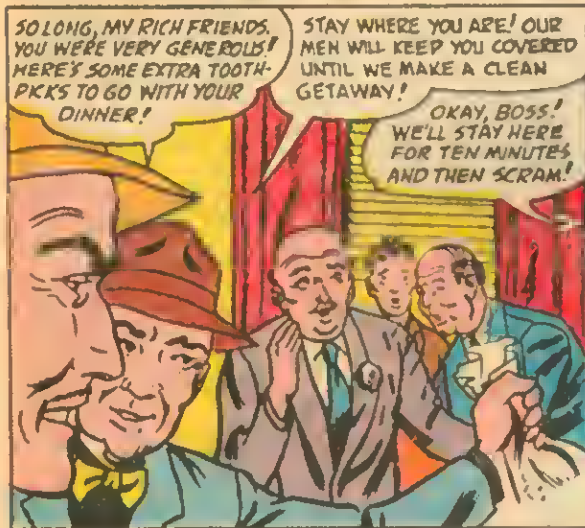
HOLD IT, SPUD! I KNOW JUST WHAT YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT. TAKE IT EASY OR YOU'LL MAKE A FOOL OF YOURSELF!

YEAH.. MAYBE THAT GUY WITH THE TOOTH-PICKS AT NICKS.. LET'S GO FOR AN OTHER HAMBURGER!

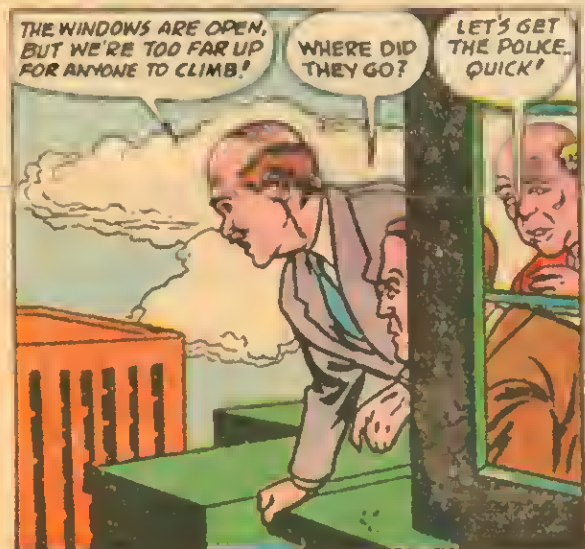
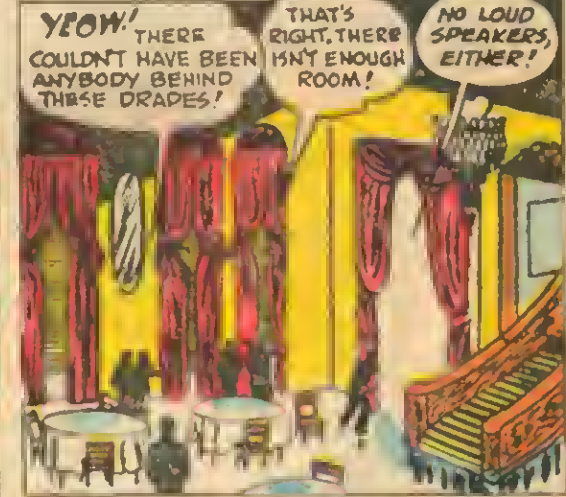


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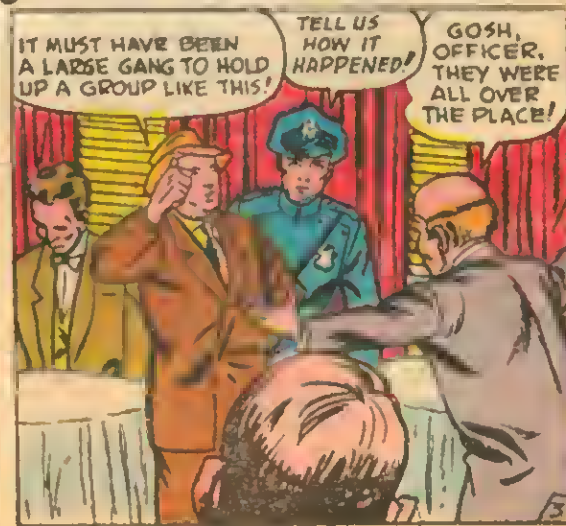
MEANWHILE IN A DIFFERENT PART OF THE CITY, A BANKERS DINNER IS INTERRUPTED...



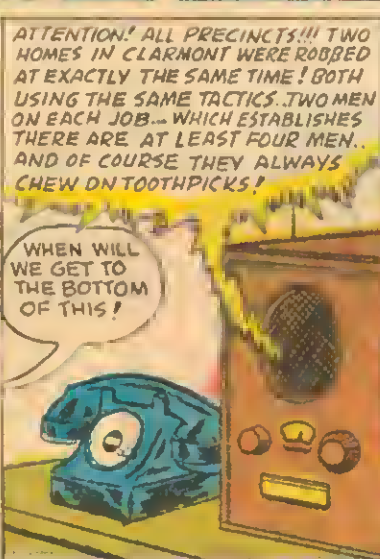
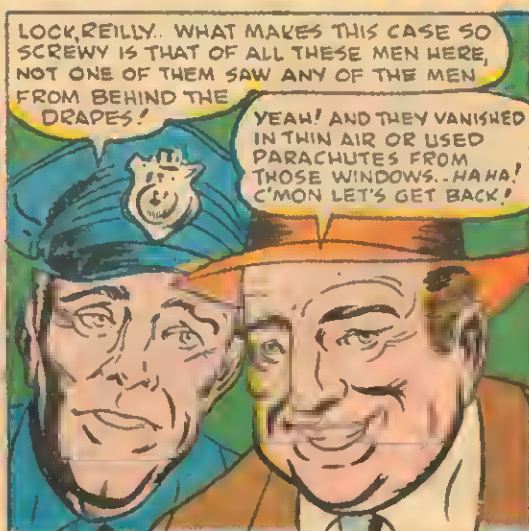
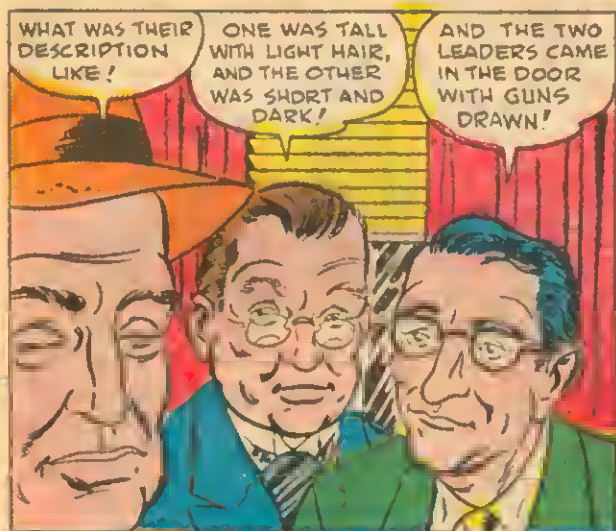
TEN MINUTES LATER...



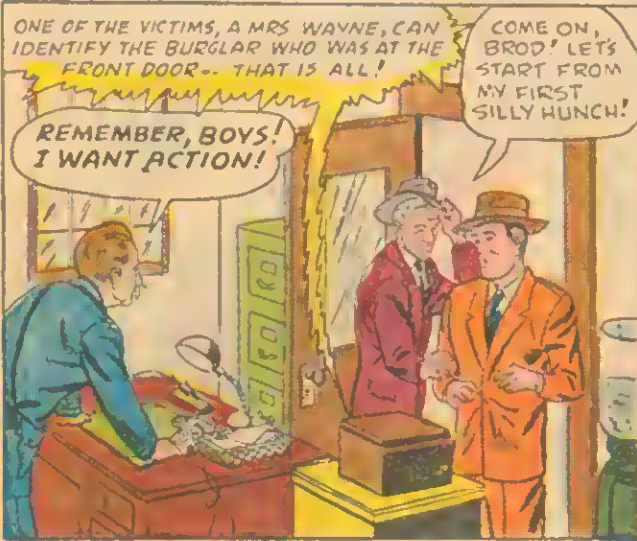
FEW MINUTES LATER AND THE POLICE ARRIVE...



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BELIEVE ME, **NOBODY** WAS IN THERE! THE WINDOW WAS WIDE OPEN.... HE JUMPED OUT OF THE WINDOW!

ALL RIGHT, NICK! NOW TELL US, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS GUY WITH THE TOOTHPICKS!



OH, HE'S JUST A SHORT FELLOW WITH A BOW TIE AND DARK SUIT, DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY WORK. THEY SAY HE'S A BROKEN DOWN VAUDEVILLE ACTOR!

C'MON BROD, OUT WE GO. LOOKING FOR A SHORT DARK MAN WITH A BOW TIE!

RIGHT!



GOSH, MY FEET ARE TIRED FROM WALKING ALL OVER THE CITY. I'LL CALL HEADQUARTERS AND TELL THEM TO BROADCAST AN ALARM ABOUT THIS SHORT, DARK GUY!

HOLD IT. LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN LUCK ALREADY. PIPE THAT GUY WITH THE BOW TIE AND TOOTH PICK!



HI, STRANGER! GOT AN EXTRA TOOTH-PICK?

IS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY? ER...WAIT, YOU AIN'T PINNING ANYTHING ON ME!

OH, NO! WE LIKE YOUR COMPANY AND WANT YOU TO JOIN US!



5 BROD AND SPUD ARRIVE AT HEADQUARTERS...

LOOKS LIKE WE GOT OUR MAN, LIEUTENANT!

THEY AIN'T GOT ANY FACTS ON ME!

GODO! MRS. WAYNE JUST STEPPED IN. PUT HIM THROUGH THE WORKS AND WE'LL SEE IF SHE CAN IDENTIFY HIM!



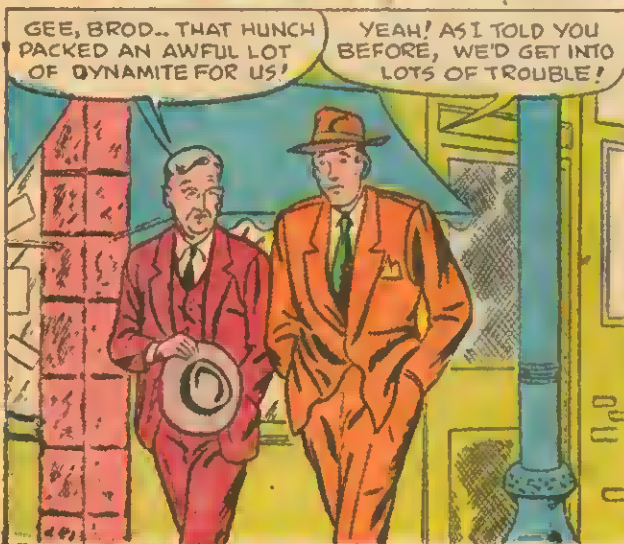
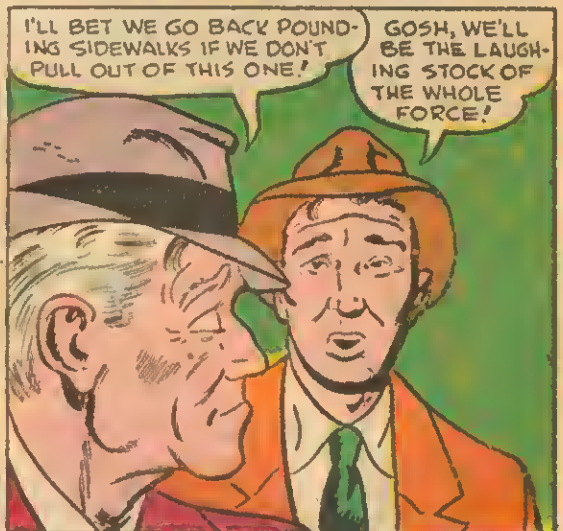
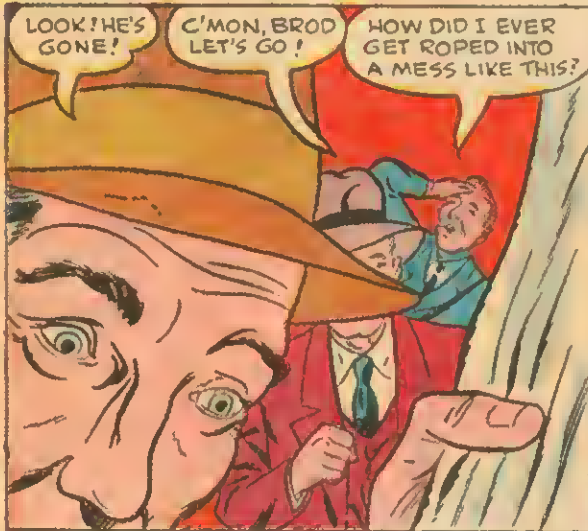
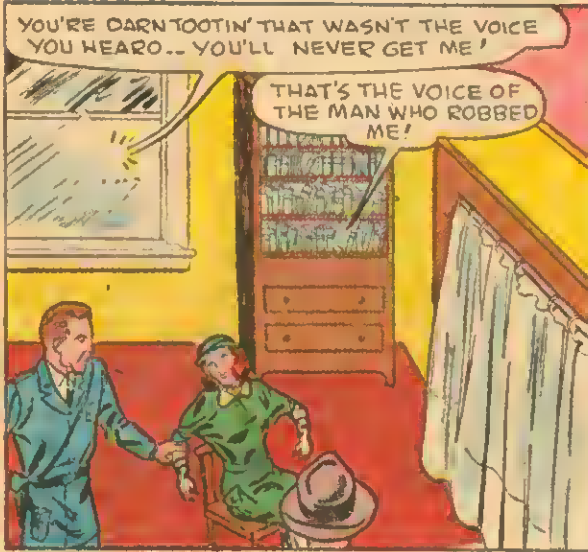
NOW, MRS. WAYNE! TRY TO IDENTIFY THIS VOICE!

I STILL SAY YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING ON ME!

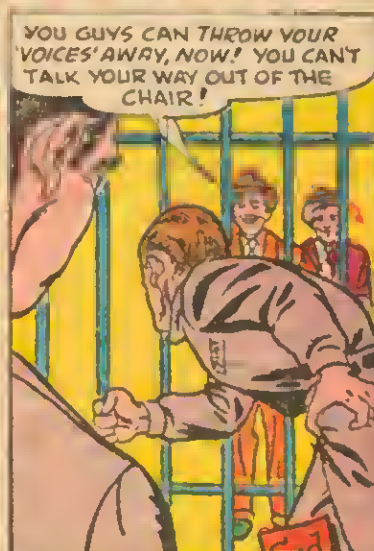
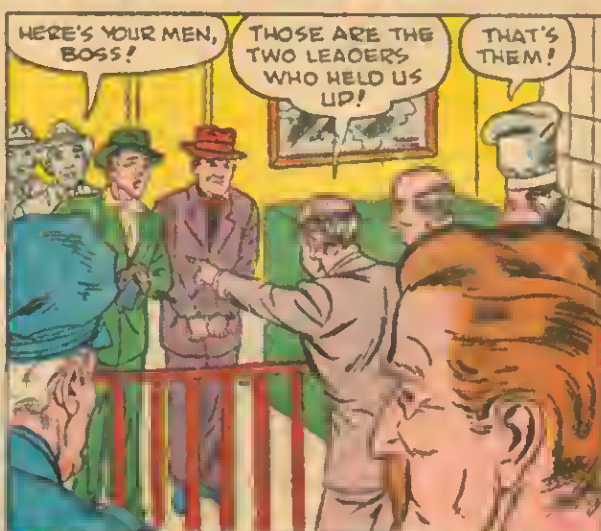
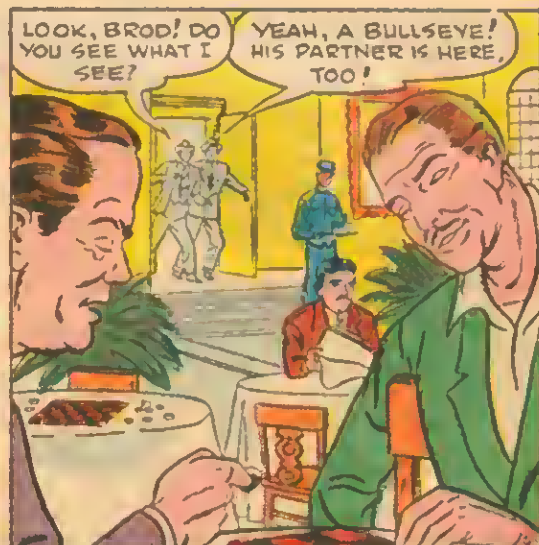
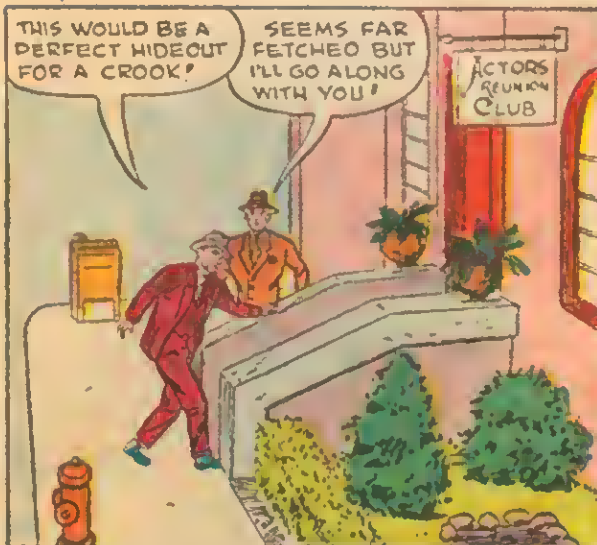
OH, GOODNESS ME! I'M SURE THAT IS **NOT** THE MAN WHO ROBBED ME!



LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS



WORDS OF

DEATH

The trouble with most people is that they talk too much. And I don't mean you have to count the number of words that come out of a fellow's mouth to say, "Shut up, you fool!" It may be just one sentence, perhaps two, but when he's said something he shouldn't have let pass his lips, then he's talked too much. Albert Gover talked for sixty seconds but that was long enough to let the shadow of the electric chair hover over him.

Every Saturday morning during the summer months, I would get up at five in the morning. My ten year old son, Herman, would tickle my toes and yell, "Hey Pop, get up. We gotta make that boat. Hurry or we'll be late." We would eat breakfast in a hurry and just before we went to the garage for the car, my wife Jeannette would go through the same ritual. "Now remember John, if the water looks too rough, don't you take Herman on that boat. You can fish on the dock. And for heavens' sake, give the fish away this time. It smelled up the house the last time you brought home those flounders."

The "Elsmere II" had seen better days in her youth. However she was now anchored off Bradley's dock on the south side of Main Street. Captain Michael Kolber, a tall middle-aged balding man was in charge most of the time. When he was away, his first and only mate, Henry Ray, took the wheel.

I liked this boat for two reasons. They didn't mind children and most people concentrated on the fishing. That meant they didn't get nosey and ask who you were or what you did. Once a man asked my son what his pop did and got the standard reply. "Military secret. Can't tell because there may be spies around."

I liked to fish near the pilot house. Herman would fish on my left side and generally a man in his late twenties or early thirties by name of Albert Gover would fish next to me. "Best sport in the world," he would repeat each time we met. "Gives you a chance to get lots of fresh air, forget the worries that bother you. Argue it out with the fish."

On this particular Saturday the boat wasn't too crowded. Competition from an increasing

number of boats at the pier was biting into Captain's Kolber's business. But at least half of the twenty people on the boat were his steady ones. At noon Albert Gover opened his leather bag to get his lunch. You should see his expression change as he yelled, "Forgot to put the lunch in again! That wife of mine is always dizzy. Sits in the living room and looks at those diamond rings on her fingers. One of these days I'm going to bash in her skull and get me a woman that can cook." Maybe he was just letting off some steam. Maybe he was being a bit theatrical. Or maybe he was just talking too much. Perhaps he would have talked more but that curly-haired kid of mine shouted, "Pop, something heavy is on my line. I can't pull it up." It could have been the anchor rope. But the way it tugged you could see he had something really big. "Your drag is slipping on your reel," advised Albert Gover. My son tightened the drag and brought in a blackfish that tipped the scales at eight and a half pounds. That put us all in good humor so when my stomach informed me it was time to eat I suggested to Gover, "My wife always makes more sandwiches than we can eat. What do you want, ham and cheese or tuna fish salad?" "Give him the tuna fish salad," chimed in my son. "I want the ham and cheese."

We all caught lots of fish that day and it meant that most of us would be back on the boat next Saturday. Next week we were a little late making it but Captain Kolber held the boat for us. "Look mister," he told an over-anxious new customer, "there's lots of fish in the sea. What's ten minutes more or less in a life time." And Gover managed to hold our usual places for us on the boat.

At lunch time Gover offered us some sandwiches. "Got a new girl friend," he smiled, "and see if you like the minced hams she has prepared." After my son had made four of them vanish into his insides we laughed. Henry Ray was in the pilot house on this trip because as he explained it, "Captain's got some important business to take care of. Think he wants to get a new Diesel for the boat."

The boat docked at five ten and I started for

home. It would take me about forty minutes to get to our place. At five thirty I heard a siren of a police car in back of me and pulled over to the side of the road. Patrolman Louis Richman was at the wheel and he explained things to me. "Sorry to bother you, Inspector Davis, but Inspector Matthews had to leave town on official business. A woman was just found dead at 265 East Midland Avenue, name of Hannah Gover, and they are holding her husband, Albert Gover. Any instructions, sir?"

I told him to take my son home and I would go at once to the scene. In spite of the protests of my son who pleaded, "But Pop, how will I ever be a real detective if you won't take me on a case?" I went there alone.

Albert Gover turned white when he saw me and found out what my position was. One look at his face and I knew what was going through his mind. The words he had uttered on the boat last Saturday with enough people to swear him into the electric chair. The Coroner, Doc Himmelstein, gave me a quick run down on details. "Skull smashed in with a stilson wrench. Death was almost immediate. Death must have taken place about five twenty or thirty." As we figured out later, it would have taken Albert only ten or fifteen minutes to get home. I looked at the fingers of the dead woman and our suspect number one read my mind and answered the question I didn't have to phrase. "The rings are missing. But I didn't kill her. So help me. And I wouldn't take the rings. They were just cheap imitations I bought down in Mexico City two years ago. When the light hit them they seemed like the real stuff."

The case would have made the headlines of the next edition except for one unforeseen event. Tommy Holland, the playboy, shot his wife, his mother-in-law, his father-in-law, and then jumped out of the window. So all this case got was a notice in the paper, "... woman found dead, with smashed skull. Husband held as suspect." All this was on page twenty-two, if you read that page and looked for the item.

Albert Gover asked me to speak with him alone in his cell. I was about to refuse but changed my mind. Why? I don't know. He certainly looked in low spirits as he sat on a cot. "Those words are haunting me that I spoke on the boat. I know things look against me. Sure, when I saw her on the floor I yelled out the window for help. But tell me, do you think I would kill my wife?"

You had to answer the fellow. "What I think is immaterial. It's what the grand jury thinks and then the regular jury. You had the opportunity and the motive. The fingerprint boys tell

me you left a fairly clear impression of three fingers on that stilson wrench. How come?"

"I'm not sure whether or not I picked the wrench up when I saw my wife on the floor," he answered. "I was sort of sick in the stomach. Like a bad dream you had, then you awake, and find it's the real thing. I know the neighbors will probably say we got on like cats and dogs, but murder is not my line."

I left him in his cell without any promises. How could I? Then I went back to my detail work at headquarters. Things were quiet for the rest of the week. Saturday came again. It was a gloomy day. I hesitated about going but Herman changed my mind for me. "Hey Pop, we'll lose our good places on the boat. Hurry before we miss it."

When we got on the boat I saw Ray in the pilot house. "Where's Captain Kolber?" I asked. Back came the reply, "Downstairs, fixing the engine. Think we got some battery trouble."

I was half way down the steps when Captain Kolber greeted me. "So you're a top man in the police force. Boy, you don't look like a flatfoot! Guess they'll burn Gover in the hot seat. Deserves it for killing his wife with a stilson wrench. What a bloody way to die."

My son Herman was in back of me and he had sharp eyes and ears. "Pop," he shouted. "The papers didn't say anything about a wrench being used to kill Mrs. Gover. The only way Captain Kolber could know about it must be that he's the killer."

I could see the man's face turn white. He went for a hammer near on a bench. And I went for that special 132 I always carried in a holster. I made the gun before he made the hammer and two slugs stopped him cold.

Albert Gover and I were alone fishing from a rowboat. My son Herman was at a friend's birthday party. Ray had bought the boat and was fixing it up. We would be there next week.

"People talk too much," began Gover. "But for the rest of my life your kid and you will be my best friends. Captain Kolber must have gone nuts when he found out the stones were just glass." I had something to say. It didn't detract from my kid's wonderful job. "He surely must have been slow on brain power. My kid was right about the newspaper. But Kolber did hear the item over the radio. They said a stilson wrench had been used as the murder weapon. Only he got shocked when my son thought he had spotted the killer—and you see he did. If Kolber had only shut up, you and not he would be the one heading for the chair."

The End

LAWBREAKERS

SCENE of the CRIME

THE DONOVAN HOUSE STANDS JUST OUTSIDE OF SUPERIOR, TOWNSHIP OF JERSEY... ITS DILAPIDATED AND DECAYING STRUCTURE MAKES IT THE CENTER OF GOSSIP AND WHISPERS... ITS SILHOUETTE AGAINST THE NIGHT, THE SYMBOL OF FEAR AND EVIL... FOR THE BUILDING HAS SHELTERED SEVERAL BRUTAL MURDERS...



ACROSS THE NORMALLY QUIET BACK ROADS OF ORANGE COUNTY... A PAIR OF BLINDING HEADLIGHTS STREAK THROUGH THE NIGHT...

A MAN GETS KILLED TWO YEARS AGO AND NOTHING HAPPENS... NO ONE KNOWS WHO DID IT, AND THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN SOMEBODY SNAPS A SUSPENDER AND HERE **WE ARE** RACING LIKE MAD TO RETURN TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME BEFORE MORNING... I DON'T GET IT! WHAT'S THE HURRY?

SHERIFF... YOU BEING OUT HERE IN THE STICKS, WOULD NOT UNDERSTAND!

OH YEAH? AS A MATTER OF FACT, THE ONLY ANSWER HAS TO BE **NEW** CLUES! YOU CITY BOYS FOUND OUT **SOMETHING** THAT'S REALLY GOT YOU HUSTLIN'!

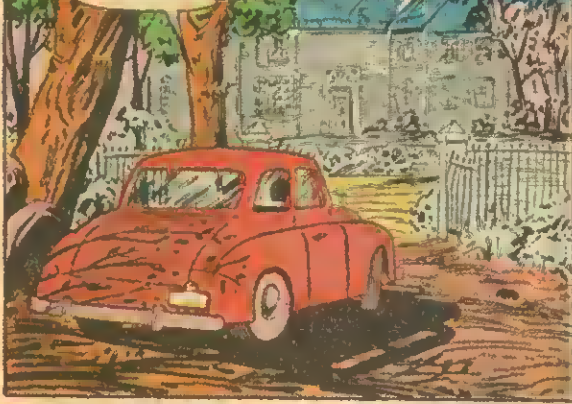
RIGHT, SHERIFF! THE NARCOTICS SQUAD HAS TRACED SMUGGLED OPIUM TO THE SCENE OF YOUR ANCIENT CRIME... THAT PUTS AN ENTIRELY NEW LIGHT ON THE CASE!



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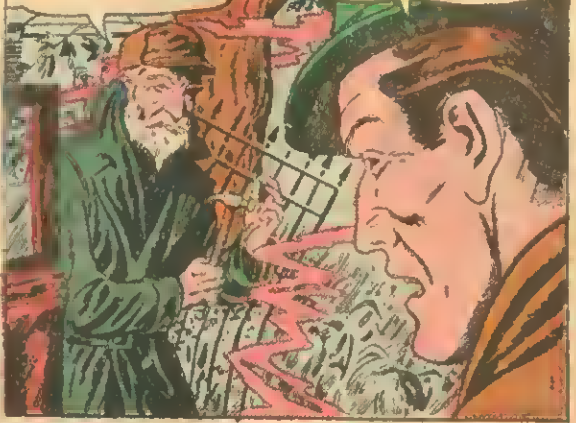
UH-HUH... I HOPE YOUR NEW LEAD HELPS IN SOLVING THE OLD MURDER, TOO. ANYWAY, YOU BETTER SLOW UP... THAT'S THE DONOVAN HOUSE UP AHEAD

THAT BIGHOUSE HUH? ANYBODY LIVING THERE?



NOPE, AND I'VE LOST THE KEY EVER SINCE THE OWNER WAS KILLED, THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT THIS HAMMER!

THOSE BOARDS LOOK ROTTED ENOUGH TO FALL APART! **WHEW!** WHAT'S THAT **SMELL?**



I DUNNO... BUT IT SURE AIN'T A HEALTHY STINK!

IT'S COMING FROM THE HOUSE... COME ON, WE'LL OPEN THAT FRONT DOOR!



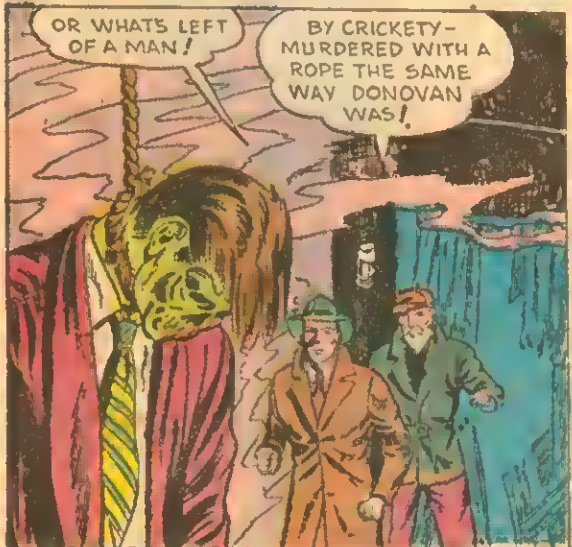
UGH! THERE WAS A DEAD COW ONCE OUT IN A PASTURE THAT ALMOST SMELLED AS BAD AS THIS!

ONLY THIS IS NO COW, SHERIFF! I CAN SEE HIM FROM HERE... **IT'S A MAN!**



OR WHAT'S LEFT OF A MAN!

BY CRICKETY-MURDERED WITH A ROPE THE SAME WAY DONOVAN WAS!



WHY, THAT MUST MEAN IT'S THE SAME MURDERER RETURNING TO THE SCENE OF DONOVAN'S KILLING! MAYBE YOU CITY DICKS ARE ON THE RIGHT TRACK WITH YOUR HUSTLING, AFTER ALL...

HELP ME CUT HIM DOWN, SHERIFF!



LAWBREAKERS

MEANWHILE IN THE NEARBY TOWN OF SUFERINN...

AWFULLY DECENT OF YOU, OLD CHAP, TO MEET ME AT THE TRAIN... I WAS RATHER PERPLEXED AS TO HOW I WAS GOING TO GET TO THAT HAUNTED HOUSE YOU RENTED ME!

WELL, YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT ANY MORE... JUST CLIMB IN AND I'LL TAKE YOU OUT THERE!

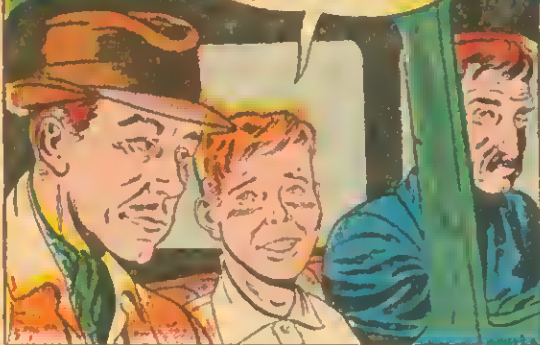
I KNOW HOW IT IS WITH YOU WRITERS, JUST ITCHING TO ABSORB ATMOSPHERE AND COLOR... WELL, YOU'LL GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH, THE KIOS IN TOWN SAY THE DONOVAN PLACE WAS REAL GHOSTS, DON'T THEY, SON?

YEP... I'VE SEEN ONE!



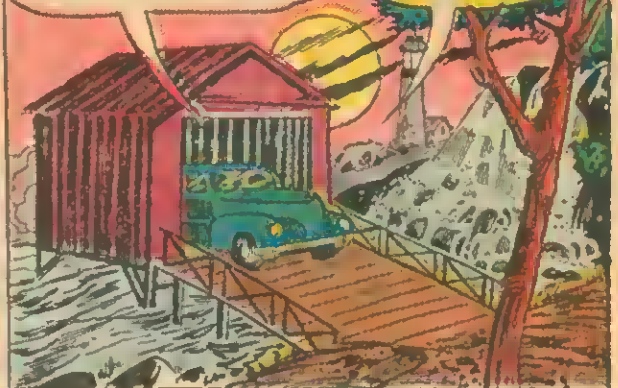
YOU HAVE, EH? I'D LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR EXPERIENCES!

OH, SURE!... THE FELLERS AND I WENT INTO THE HOUSE, IT WAS ALL DARK.. BUT I WENT UPSTAIRS AND A GHOST CAME OUT OF NOWHERE AND HIT ME... RIGHT HERE!... IT STILL HURTS!



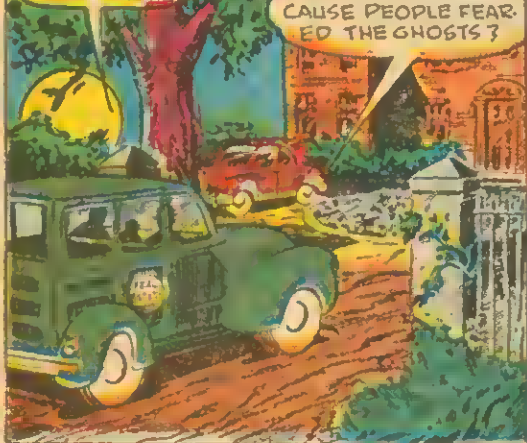
THE KID PROBABLY STEPPED ON A LOOSE FLOOR BOARD, MR. NICHOLAS. THAT WOULD EXPLAIN ITS JUMPING UP IN FRONT OF HIM AND SMACKING HIM ON THE SHINS!

OH, NO! MR. BEGLEY, I BELIEVE IN GHOSTS. IN FACT... IT IS THE ONLY REASON I AM RENTING THIS HOUSE!



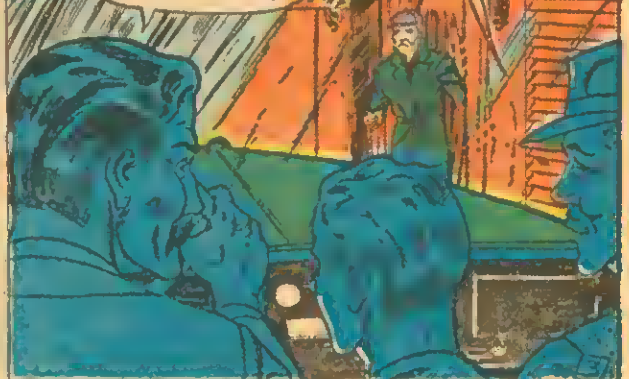
EVERYONE TO HIS OWN BELIEF, MR. NICHOLAS! ANYWAY, THERE'S THE HOUSE!

I SAY!.. AN AUTO-MOBILE! I THOUGHT YOU SAID THE HOUSE WAS DESERTEO BECAUSE PEOPLE FEARED THE GHOSTS?



HA-HA! FOR A MINUTE I WAS REALLY WORRIED... THAT'S THE SHERIFF, MR. NICHOLAS. I GUESS HE MUST BE INTERESTED IN ALL THIS TALK ABOUT GHOSTS, TOO!

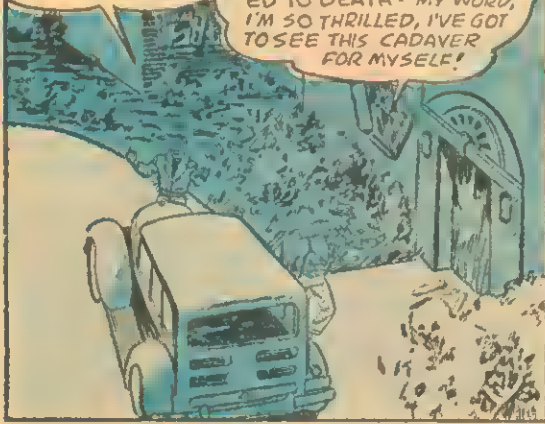
EXCELLENT, MR. BEGLEY, I'M REALLY BEGINNING TO BELIEVE A GHOST DOES EXIST IN YOUR HOUSE!



'LAWBREAKERS

YOU CAN'T STOP HERE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT, BEGLEY! WE'VE GOT A CORPSE INSIDE...

A CORPSE? THAT EXPLAINS THE BEASTLY ODOR. I SAY, DID THE GHOST KILL THE BLIGHTER? I MEAN WAS HE ACTUALLY FRIGHTENED TO DEATH? MY WORD, I'M SO THRILLED, I'VE GOT TO SEE THIS CADAVER FOR MYSELF!



HEY! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? PUT THAT SHEET DOWN AND GET OUT OF HERE, JUST LIKE THE SHERIFF SAID!

BY JOVE-HOW FASCINATING! THE FLESH ALL DECAYING AND ACTUALLY HANGING FROM THE SKELETON...DEFINITELY ATMOSPHERIC, I SHALL OPEN MY NOVEL WITH THIS EXACT SCENE!



WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO GET RID OF THESE FRIENDS OF YOURS, SHERIFF? WHO-HEY! COME BACK HERE!!!

NO, NO! I MUST COMPLETELY CAPTURE THE DEPRESSIVE FEEL OF THIS DECAYING MAUSOLEUM, I MUST BECOME PART OF IT, UNTIL IT IS IN MY VERY BONES!



WHAT KIND OF A NITWIT IS THAT?

WAIT A SECOND, JIM.. YOU HAVE GOT TO PUT UP WITH HIM WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT..SEEMS BEGLEY OUTSIDE JUST TOLD ME HE RENTED THIS PLACE TO THAT WRITER, LEGALLY, THIS IS HIS HOME!

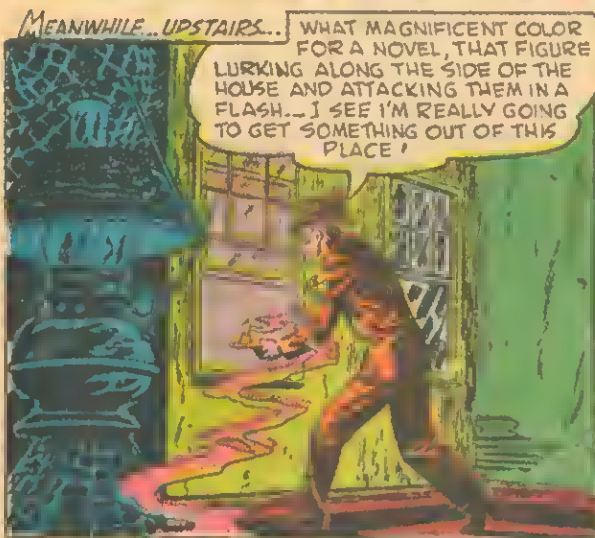


THAT DOESN'T FOOL ME FOR A SECOND, SHERIFF! THIS PLACE WAS USED AS A WAREHOUSE FOR NARCOTICS... OUR STIFF ON THE FLOOR HERE FOUND OUT ABOUT IT AND HE WAS HUNG THE SAME WAY DONOVAN WAS YEARS AGO

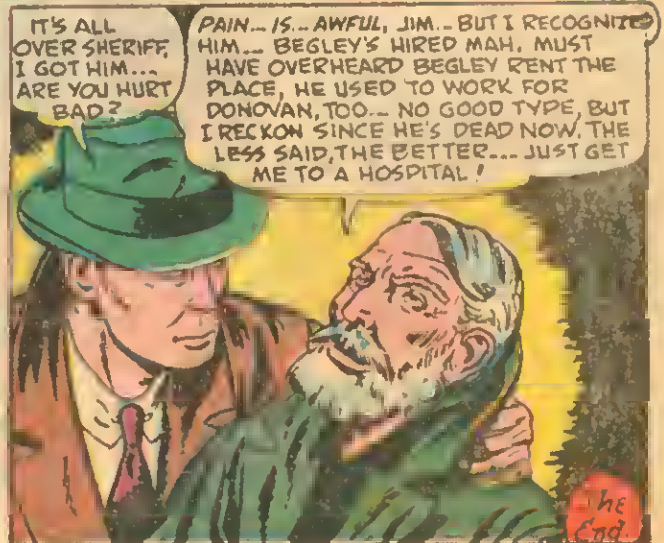
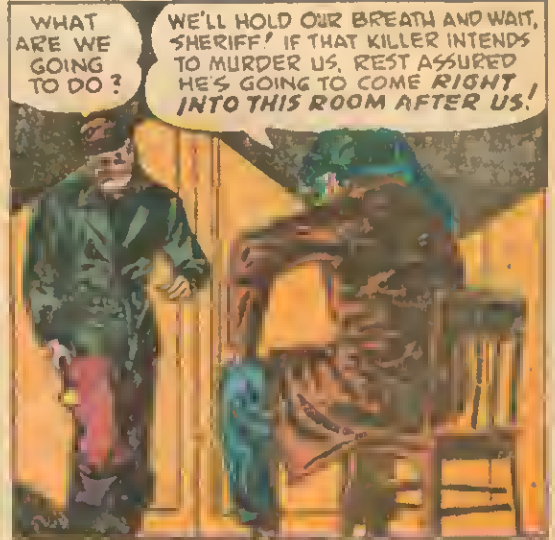
BUT, WHEN THE SHERIFF GOES OUTSIDE...



LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS

The ACME HI-JACK

THE CRIMINAL MIND IS ALWAYS WATCHING PLANS FOR A CRIMINAL ACT. NO ONE, OR NO ONE THING IS ABOVE OR BENEATH THE GREED OF CRIMINAL CUNNING... AND PROVIDING THE HAUL IS REWARDING ENOUGH, SOONER OR LATER ANY OBJECT OF VALUE COMES BENEATH CRIMINAL SCRUTINY... THE CASE ABOUT TO BE PRESENTED DEALS WITH JUST SUCH A LOW MENTALITY AND A COVETED PRIZE. THE GREAT TRAILER TRUCKS OF YESTERDAY THAT TRAVELED ACROSS OUR NATION IN ONE LONG TRIP, HAVE FOR THE MOST PART BEEN MODERNIZED BY A STATE RELAY SYSTEM. THE TRUCK TRAILER OR CARGO OF ONE DRIVER IS LEFT IN SPECIAL YARDS TO BE DRIVEN INTO DIFFERENT STATES BY RELAY DRIVERS... THUS THE MEN WORK NEAR THEIR OWN HOMES...

IT IS IN JUST SUCH A YARD THAT OUR CASE HISTORY BEGINS...



MAY, 1950. IN THE YARDS OF TRUCK EXPRESS LINES, INC.

HEY, POP! WHICH ONE OF THESE LOADS IS FOR ACME?

DON'T YOU SASS ME, YOU WHIPPERSNAPPER! I SEEN MORE SMARTIES LIKE YOU COME AND GO!

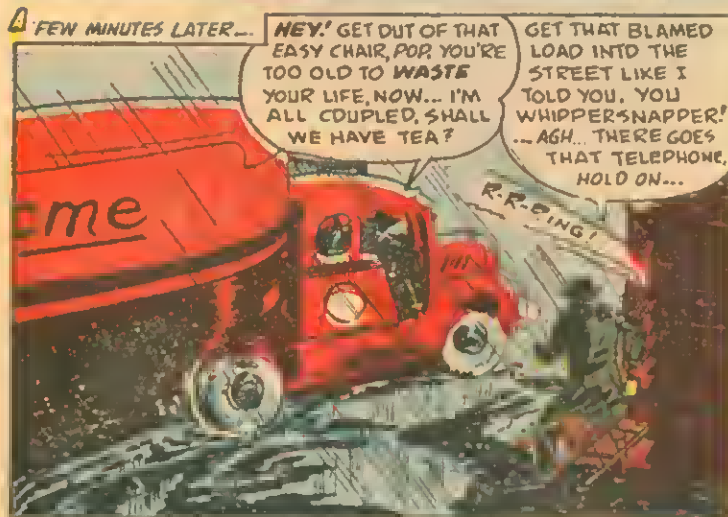
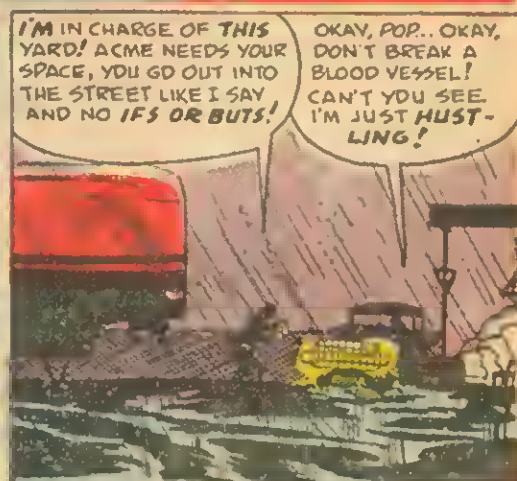


THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, POP! YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ONE LIKE ME. I'M SPECIAL!

HUMPH! NOTHING SPECIAL ABOUT YOU THAT I CAN SEE... JUST ANOTHER SMARTIE TOO BIG FOR HIS BRITCHES!



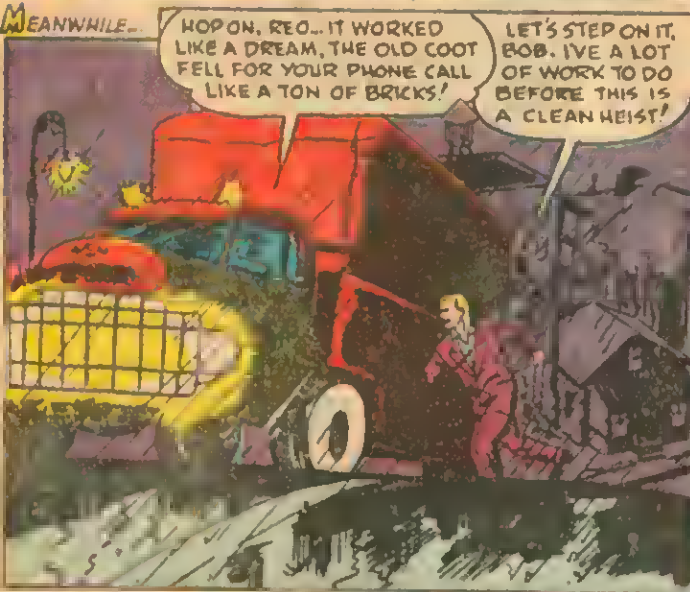
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MEANWHILE...



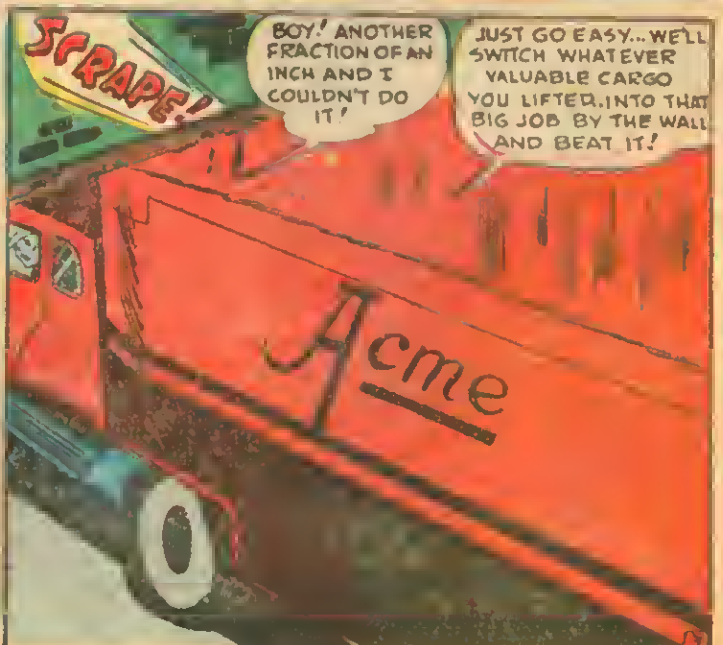
LET'S STEP ON IT, BOB. I'VE A LOT OF WORK TO DO BEFORE THIS IS A CLEAN HEIST!

I CAN'T GET OVER THAT OLD FOOL... I PULLED THE WOOL OVER HIS EYES AND HE NEVER EVEN SUSPECTED!

CAN IT, WILL YOU? TURN LEFT NEXT CORNER AND PULL INTO THE GARAGE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BLOCK!



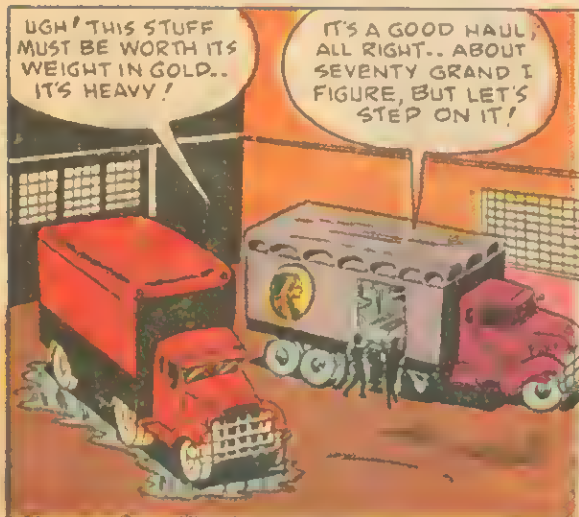
IT'LL FIT... IT'S JUST THE RIGHT HEIGHT... BUT GO SLOW...



BOY! ANOTHER FRACTION OF AN INCH AND I COULDN'T DO IT!

JUST GO EASY... WE'LL SWITCH WHATEVER VALUABLE CARGO YOU LIFTED INTO THAT BIG JOB BY THE WALL AND BEAT IT!

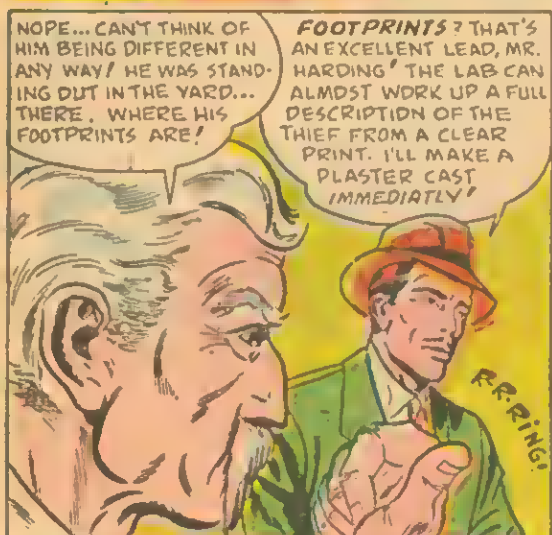
LAWBREAKERS



MEANWHILE A SCANT FEW MINUTES AFTER THE HI-JACK...

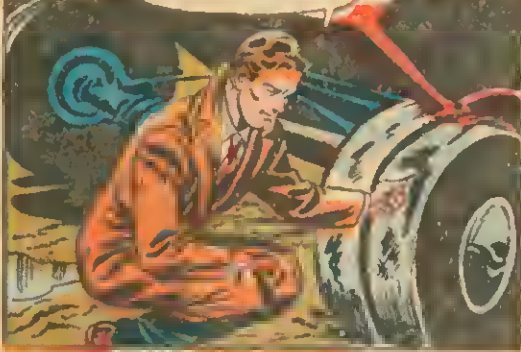


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YES, I WAS RIGHT... IT WAS A GARAGE! LOOK HERE, THE GREASE ON THESE TIRES... AND THERE'S FRESH GREASE UNDER THIS CAKED MUD. THE LAB WILL BE ABLE TO BACK TRACK THE ROADS THIS TRUCK TRAVELED WHEN IT LEFT ITS RENDEZVOUS POINT, FROM THIS!



LET'S CHECK FOR FINGERPRINTS, OFFICER... YOU TAKE THE CAB AND TRACTOR, I'LL TAKE THE TRAILER, HERE. OH, YES. YOU'LL FIND AN EXTRA FINGERPRINT KIT IN MY CAR!

RIGHT!



A LITTLE LATER...

NONE HERE. WIPED CLEAN AS A WHISTLE!

BUT THERE'S PLENTY OF PRINTS ON THE TRAILER THEY WERE IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY TO CLEAN HERE. IF THEY HAVE ANY KIND OF A RECORD, WE'LL KNOW WHO THEY ARE IN A FEW MINUTES!



A FEW MINUTES LATER AFTER A PHONE CALL IS MADE TO THE FINGERPRINT DEPARTMENT OF THE F.B.I. FROM THE LOCAL POLICE PRECINCT...

GOOD! AND THE NAMES ARE ROBERT GOODARD AND BILL RED OYER. YES, I HAVE IT!

HUMPH! WE'VE GOT RECORDS OF THOSE MEN RIGHT HERE. I'LL HAVE A GENERAL ALARM SENT TO PICK THEM UP AT ONCE!



HERE'S A REPORT ON THOSE PAINT CHIPS. AND THE ONLY GARAGE WITHIN THIS AREA THAT THE TRAILER FITS INTO IS FOUR BLOCKS FROM THE ACME GARAGE!

LET'S GET A LOOK AT THAT GARAGE, HAMEL. WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT KIND OF TRUCK THOSE W-I-JACKERS ARE USING FOR GETAWAYS!

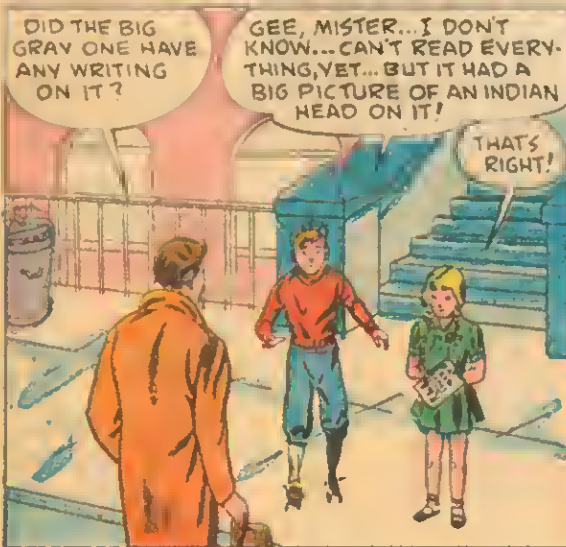
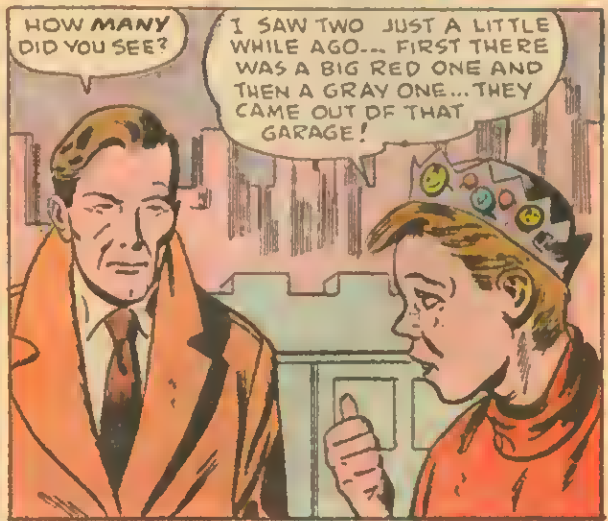


GEE WHIZ, I'VE NEVER SEEN TRUCKS HERE. THIS GARAGE IS FOR PRIVATE CARS ONLY!

OH, YEAH? WHAT ARE THOSE FRESH SCRAPE MARKS UP THERE?



LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS

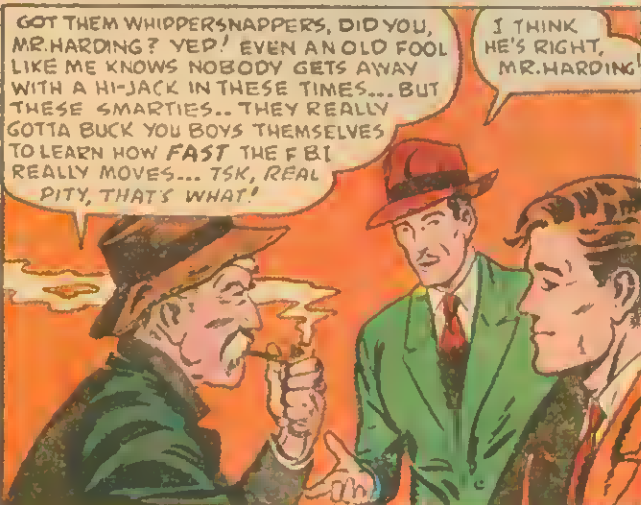
A FEW MINUTES LATER AT THE GARAGE...



MEANWHILE, WITHIN THE TRUCK...



BACK IN THE TRUCK-EXPRESS-LINES... JUST TWENTY MINUTES AFTER THE ACME TRAILER THEFT...



IF MORE PEOPLE REALIZED THE FBI TODAY WILL CLOSE IN ON A HI-JACKER WITHIN TEN OR FIFTEEN MINUTES AFTER THE CRIME, TO PREVENT THE SCATTERING OF STOLEN CARGO... I DON'T THINK **ANYONE** WOULD BE TEMPTED TO MAKE AN ILLICIT FORTUNE BY HI-JACKING INTERSTATE CARGO!



LAWBREAKERS

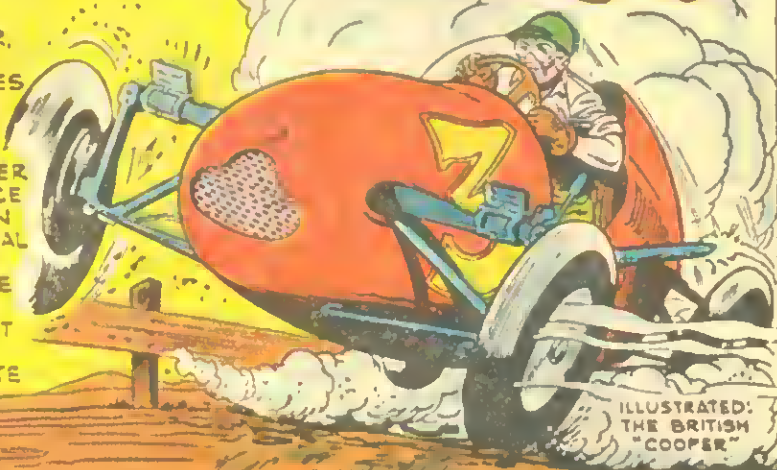


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Publisher, Ed Levy, Derby, Conn.
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Managing Editor, Burton N. Levy, Derby, Conn.
Business Manager, John Santangelo, Derby, Conn.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholder owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other incorporated firm, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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BURTON N. LEVEY, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of Sept. 1951.
(SEAL)
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Notary Public

(My commission expires Nov. 16, 1954)

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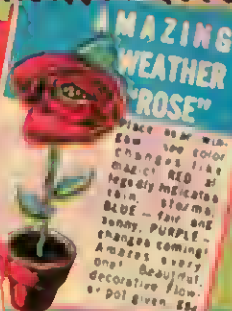
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